

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 83.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

THE late Civil War! Where? in America? No. In England. We have had a General Election in Great Britain and Ireland, and we have, in consequence, had a Civil War. Fellow-subjects have armed themselves against one another, and everywhere detachments of the standing army of the State have been held in readiness to act against their own countrymen. This, in plain language, has been the condition of Great Britain and Ireland for the last three weeks. The exercise of the greatest constitutional right which we, as a nation, possess, namely, that of electing our own representatives, cannot be carried on without the intervention of the military. This is not a very creditable fact, but it is none the less true.

The Anglo-Saxons may be an order-loving race in general, but it cannot be denied, that on particular occasions they are more violent and brutal than any other civilized race. We leave it to connoisseurs in morality to decide what moral superiority is shown by those who break a fellow-creature's head with a bludgeon, or smash his features into a jelly with their fists, over those who prefer to use the knife on such occasions of brotherly intercourse. However, even in Ireland, where we know the shillelagh flourishes side by side with the shamrock as an emblem of national honour and generosity, knives and firearms seem to have been used during the late elections by others than foreigners, or hired butchers, as the soldiers are sometimes admiringly termed. Some philosophers, considering the religious bigotry which was inevitably aroused by the Irish Church Question, and which was assiduously cultivated by the supporters, if not by the chiefs, of both parties, may feel inclined to congratulate the country on the comparatively small list of killed and wounded which is the result of the election contests. Perhaps, some member of the new Parliament will move for an accurate return of persons killed or injured; but we, who look at moral facts rather than the arithmetical details of statistics, are quite ready to base our observations on the lowest return that any admirer of British institutions may be able to compile by the aid of his sympathies, or of his imagination.

There is but little good in endeavouring to impress upon the intelligent electors and non-electors of this country that there is no political virtue, and not much argument, in breaking their opponents' heads. This is an obvious truism; and like most truisms, will never be practically believed or acted on by those who are determined not to believe or act on it, however often it be repeated. What we wish to do, is to try and make some

suggestions towards the solution of this difficult problem; how are these disgraceful scenes of violence and bloodshed to be prevented?

It has been forced upon the perception of many writers, and thinkers, during the last week or two, that, after all, nominations are practically useless, except to facilitate rioting. Why should not the names of the candidates be affixed to the church doors, and published generally throughout the borough, or district, which they aspire to represent? We do not know why; except that this is obviously the most sensible course to pursue. It is at the nominations, generally, that the worst element of election mobs—the non-electors or roughs—have a grand opportunity for a vigorous display of their partialities. But even the abolition of the ceremony of nomination would do but little; there would still remain those numerous gatherings of the constituents, which are convoked by the various candidates previous to every election. Electors *will* inflict on themselves this somewhat unnecessary torture, and of course they have a right to ask questions of their proposed representatives, and to hear from them some profession of faith, even though experience teaches them that these professions often, owing to circumstances over which, of course, the candidate can have no control, fail to be fully realised by his future practices. What, then, can we do? Given, a public meeting, at which Jones, the Liberal, meets the electors, how are we to prevent the supporters of Smith, the Conservative, from being present, and testifying their presence by whatever forcible methods they may please to adopt? As to only granting admission to those who have previously received tickets, practically we know this to be little protection against disturbances. Besides, if the meeting is to be of any real value, all opinions ought to be represented. Though it may be a confession of guilt, we think it would be better that special constables should be sworn in on all such occasions, to serve till the elections are over; that plenty of these special constables should be present at every meeting to keep order in the room, and to prevent any person armed from entering. In fact, all sticks and umbrellas should be left at the doors. In the case of open-air meetings, a strong cordon of constables should keep the ground, as soldiers do during a review, and no persons who may come with an obvious predetermination of disturbing the peace should be admitted on the ground. These suggestions may not appear to be very brilliant or original; but we believe that most persons will bear us out in stating that, for some inscrutable reason or other, there is very rarely any care taken by the proper authorities to keep the peace at public meetings of a political character. It is one thing to attempt to suppress such a meeting, and

another to take those ordinary precautions to prevent a breach of the peace, which all subjects have a right to expect from the civil authorities.

But after all, unless all elections are to be conducted by proxies, which is impossible, breaches of the peace, of a more or less serious character, must be expected as long as violence is the argument at once most congenial, and intelligible, to a mass of the population. How the Ballot is to prevent such crimes as have been perpetrated during the late election contests, we don't know. The Ballot will not reconcile differences of opinion, it will not abate the virulence of demagogues, it will not enlighten the ignorance, or refine the brutality, of the "roughs;" it seems to us that the very fact of not knowing which way the electors are voting, will only exasperate those enthusiastic partisans who fight more for their colours, than for their opinions. Make as strict laws as you like against bribery and intimidation; even go so far as to shut up the public-houses on polling days, but there still will exist in the mobs the same elements of ferocity and violence; and we can diminish these only by the spread of education and civilization. In other countries where the passions are quite as strong, if not stronger than in England, such scenes of brutality, as the papers were obliged to record during the last two weeks, are not the inseparable accompaniments of election contests. America, the country most akin to our own, alone can vie with us in this disgraceful distinction. The Irish population there, as here, generally distinguish themselves, on all occasions when recklessness with regard to their own or of other persons' lives can be most favourably displayed. But it is not only the Irish who bruise and stab, and shoot, their opponents. Greater alertness of the law to defend order, and greater severity in punishing any breach of it are necessary. And far greater earnestness and perseverance are needed on the part of all statesmen, and politicians generally, in endeavouring to raise the exercise of political rights out of the arena of faction fights. There is one section of the community, namely, the clergy, which may learn an useful lesson from the late elections, the county ones, especially. There is no doubt that their influence has been very great, and now they have chosen to exert it to its utmost, has achieved, they may consider so, great results. They have probably succeeded in exciting more animosity against the Church of England in one month, than the enemies of that institution have in many years. They have made her foes ten times more bitter than before; they have changed her lukewarm allies into earnest opponents; they have destroyed the courage, and sickened the souls, of her noblest and her truest friends. Let them enjoy their triumph while they can. Let them gloat over the seats which they have won for the Conservative party by a shameful perversion of their holy office. We, in common with many other Christian subjects of this realm, ask the clergy this question:—"If you will do so much in the cause of politics, can you do so little in the cause of morality? If you can lead your sheep to the polling-booth, can you not lead them from the public-houses?"—perhaps, in some cases, they were taken thence to record their votes for the maintenance of the Irish Establishment.

There is no need of rich endowments, and mighty dignities, and venerable honours, to procure the services of men who preach but the doctrines of self-interest and uncharitableness.

THE REAL GREENWICH PENSIONER.—Mr. Gladstone.

THE STEP FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—From South Lancashire to Greenwich.

MILITARY REFORM.

CONSIDERABLE disappointment, not to say dissatisfaction, has been felt in the ranks of the Militia, in consequence of the omission in the military toast at the Guildhall feast of all mention of the Militia, the Army having been toasted and the Volunteers also, but no mention having been made of the Militia. It is of course possible, nay probable, that the omission was purely accidental; if it was intentional, no words would be too strong to reprobate so studied a slight upon the old constitutional force of the country, and no place could have been less appropriate for such a slight than the banquet hall of the City of London, whose Train-bands and City Militia have never failed to make themselves felt in time of internal disturbance in this country.

As far as regards the reply to the toast, it was hardly possible for the Duke of Cambridge to introduce the mention of a force not mentioned in the toast for which he was answering; and the Militia may rest most entirely assured that their value is fully recognised and their zeal and loyalty acknowledged by His Royal Highness Commanding-in-Chief, who has on many occasions gone out of his way to express his sense of the importance of the Militia force as the first line of Reserve behind the regular Army of the country.

But, at the same time, it may be doubted whether the Militia is utilized to its full extent, or put into active operation for aiding the regular forces as prominently as it might be, either by the Government or by the Militia themselves.

As regards the Government, there can scarcely be a second opinion that in sanctioning the plan, some few years ago, for militiamen to re-engage for a second period the authorities at the War Office took a wholly erroneous view of the object and aims of the Militia force. Clearly the main object of that force is to have at hand a large number of partially, if not completely, trained young men ready to form an active Reserve in time of necessity, and further to have a system by which a large number of the population shall have received the rudiments of training and military discipline. What, then, could be the object of inducing by increased bounties tens of thousands of trained militiamen to re-engage for the purpose of being trained again! Thus each man trained cost twice as much as he need have done, and the numbers trained were only one-half what they might have been. It is to be hoped that among the expected measures of military reform, and when the great question of an effective Reserve shall receive the attention it so fully deserves, the re-engagement of militiamen may be at once put a stop to. There is no difficulty whatever in filling the ranks of the Militia Regiments. In fact, most of the Corps are under restrictive orders not to take candidates beyond a certain number below the quota. There can, therefore, be no necessity for filling the school with pupils who have already completed their course of instruction.

And upon the same consideration, there can be no reason why much greater encouragement should not be given to militiamen to enlist in the regular Army. At present this is *allowed*, but by no means encouraged; and yet it is manifest that a militiaman with his one, two, or three years' drilling, is worth more than a raw recruit who has yet to learn the goose-step, and it would be worth while to allow such trained men to reckon the whole of their Militia service as Army service, and, in fact, to give every inducement to such men to go from the playing at soldiers to actual service.

What, then, can be the reason why the Government do not adopt so manifestly simple a plan for feeding the Army without the necessity of keeping up the expensive machinery of the recruiting service? The answer is not a comfortable one. It is because many Militia Colonels have seats in the House and votes in Parliament, and many Militia Colonels object to have their regiments "pulled to pieces after all the pains they have taken in drilling them," and "to have their corps made mere pipes for supplying the army." Some Colonels of Militia take a much less narrow view of the case, and give free leave to their men to join the Army. They recognise the advantage of establishing a close connexion between the Militia and one or more regiments of the Line, giving the Line their young men as recruits, and receiving back from the Line veteran soldiers as sergeants and instructors, and this reciprocal tie has uniformly been found to work admirably, wherever it has been fairly tried. But such cases are the exceptions, and for-

tunate it will be for the country and for the Militia, when such exceptions become the general rule; and when the Militia, closely connected with the Line, will serve as a reserve, a nursery, and a refuge for the regular troops. Then the recruiting for the Army will no longer be a source of doubt, of trouble, and of infinite expense; and then the Militia need not fear they will be slighted or overlooked by the Military authorities, or by the Country, even though they may be forgotten by the toast-master at Guildhall.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THE sere and yellow ranks of non-dancers round a ball-room are misnamed. It is the buds in their button-holes which are wall-flowers blossoming on the old ruins beneath.

Set a Becker on horseback and she will ride to the hustings.

Women were only half angels when they stood on their political rights, but now that they are incapacitated for sitting they partake more of the nature of cherubs, who, whatever heads they possess, can never take their seats in any conclave.

If the Hanoverian creams are kept in the stables and Her Majesty remains out of town, the Queen's coachman says his heart is as heavy as bran-mash. In fact, he finds it like a safety match, light only on the box.

When a great composer like Rossini dies, he leaves us heirs to a never-failing fund. His notes will never be dishonoured.

Young speculators talk of the wild times when they went in for fifteen per cent. That wild time must have grown on some of the banks which failed in the crisis.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"—yet there are many idle poor who prefer to go to their uncle.

Creditors are like corns: they are always reminding one where the shoe pinches. The only way to get rid of them is to cut them—and that won't prevent them coming again.

What a comedy of grief is that performed by sympathetic undertakers! Their motto should be "Hearse and Rehearse."

UP AND DOWN THE BOULEVARDS.

TOMAHAWK feels that with his great name he ought to extend the lines of intelligence of which he holds the ends in London. When a paper like the *Royal Area*, for instance, can afford a correspondent in Paris who can make three columns out of a reported elopement and invents the scandal when it does not come to hand, surely, thinks TOMAHAWK to himself, we can have our occasional correspondent abroad who shall forward veritable news, dished up with Parisian sauces, for the nourishment of readers at home. When we take an idea into our head, we don't leave it bobbing up and down for an age, like a moth against a ceiling, but away we start on a bee-line to our project. At the same moment that we make our readers acquainted with our intentions, we are in a position to give them our Parisian correspondence hot from the Boulevards.

[FROM OUR OCCASIONAL PARISIAN.]

Paris, Nov. 25.

You have heard how full the Church of the Trinity was at

Rossini's funeral; how impossible it was to get tickets (your O.P. had to pay fifteen francs for his), and what a crush there was inside, of those who assisted at the performance; for it was a performance at which, besides the voices of Nilsson, Faure, Duprez, Roger, &c., &c., was heard again the splendid contralto London knows so well as belonging to Alboni, the queen of contraltos. You have heard how miserable a *cortège* conducted the Swan of Pesaro to Père la Chaise. Have you heard how Rossini made his peace with the Church on the strength of having written the *Stabat Mater*? Have you heard that the musical world will soon be in raptures over the most heavenly composition that has perhaps ever been heard, that called by its author *La Petite Messe*, which drew tears from Meyerbeer when he first heard it played by Rossini? Do you know that Rossini very often signed himself "Rossini, Pianiste," so fond was he of his instrument? If you are ignorant of all these facts it is a proof your correspondent can be useful. . . .

There has been no disturbance in Paris, though the Baudin affair is still on the lips of all; but one thing is certain, that one sees more sergents-de-ville about the streets than is usual, especially in the evening. On returning from the theatre a year or two back you might come from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine, and perhaps not see one; now you will see two or three dozen. Another sign of the time: wherever you may call you will find people reading the history of the *Coup d'Etat*, which throws a halo round the imperial brows, but a halo which brings L. N. out in his true colours. It seems that the police has found it impossible to stop the sale of toy lanterns. You have charms, brooches, pins, match-boxes, pipes, cigar-cases, and heaven knows what besides, in the shape of lanterns. You have buttons imitating the cover itself of Rochefort's pamphlet, and each number of the work makes its appearance regularly every month on the table of every *abonné*, printed in the smallest pica on cigarette paper, the whole number going through the post at the price of an ordinary letter.

I may state here that the numbers of the TOMAHAWK which I had the pleasure of disseminating the last time I was in Paris have had great success *dans le monde*, the cartoons being particularly admired which have had H.I.M. for a subject. This, a pardonable vanity in a land where illustrated journals are to be met with in larger numbers than elsewhere. Your musical correspondent told you what he thought of the *Pericholle* (pronounce *koll*, not *sholl*). Everyone who hears it will agree that the second act is dull and tedious beyond measure, and there is nothing in the piece which can make it run much longer. At the Palais Royal there is one of those farces which appear in that theatre occasionally, so droll that the audience begins in convulsions, and gradually goes into hysterics. I have not laughed so much since I saw Robson in *Retained for the Defence*. This farce is called *The Bouquet*, and is of that undoubted Parisian existence which is ignored in London very properly; but that fact does not make the piece less amusing.

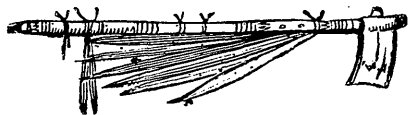
A propos of actors I may tell you a story I have just heard about the King of Prussia. A short time ago a company of Parisian actors went to Berlin to give a certain number of performances of the best pieces of the Gymnase and the Théâtre Français. The troupe was engaged while in Berlin to play one night at the palace. After the performance, the King came into the *salon* reserved as a green-room, and with perfect good-nature would not allow any ceremony while he remained in the room. The *jeune premier* (were I speaking of an English company I should say the walking gentleman), an Englishman by birth, took the King at his word, and conversed naturally with His Majesty on acting; so the King of Prussia told him that "there was nothing he should have liked better in life than to be an actor, but he confessed he should prefer low comedy to the higher walk of the drama." Fancy the King of Prussia, a man of six feet two, a low comedian. He has done some funny things in his time, too. I may tell you, too, that that *jeune premier* is a Mr. Stuart, who is engaged by the director of the New Gaiety Theatre in London for the opening piece. *An revoir*. Next week.

THE ENGLISH POLL-TAX.—Hairdressers' charges. CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.—Mr. Cross returned and Mr. Gladstone rejected.

ENFIELD CHASE.—Mr. Labouchere's attempt to catch up his colleague at the Poll.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT
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TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
 WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
 Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has NOT yet resigned!!

WE understand that after his defeat for Middlesex Mr. Labouchere intends to change his name to Le Bout trop-chère.

ULSTER has declared itself Liberal. There is hope yet that Mr. Murphy may be numbered amongst the perverts (as the Anglicans call them).

MR. PURCHAS'S name having proved a perfect mine of wit to the Comic Papers, he intends, so we believe, to reserve all rights of translation.

NOMINATIONS must be abolished. That is settled. Nomination rhymes to commination, which is a much more appropriate name for the scene of abuse and violence which constitutes the first stage of a British Election.

THE Prince of Wales lost no time in going to see Schneider in her new character, and he took the Princess of Wales with him. We hope that on this occasion Madame Schneider condescended to be decent in her gestures, and her speech.

A REPORT has been set abroad, and has, incredible to relate, actually obtained credence with some enthusiastic disciples of Mother Church, that Her Majesty, the Queen Victoria, intends to abdicate in the event of Mr. Gladstone's being called upon to form a Ministry. Although few but fanatics, and weak-minded enthusiasts, could believe such a monstrous rumour, still we think it right (considering that the Irish Church question has called into being very many such creatures) to give this wicked falsehood a most unqualified contradiction. It is alike an insult to the Sovereign, and to the statesman in whom the people of this country have placed their confidence, and to whom they have entrusted the execution of an act of justice tardily conceded to one portion of the Imperial Kingdom. It is alike an insult to the Monarch, and to the people, to give anything but hearty denial to such a statement. If the so-called Constitutionalists really value the Constitution of England, the last thing they should attempt is to bring about a collision between any two of the Estates of the Realm. Her Majesty

will herself give the most perfect refutation to such calumnies, by appearing in person at the opening of the new Parliament, a large majority of which is pledged to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and by giving her gracious sanction to such policy when the time has arrived for so doing.

BREAK HER UP!

(See CARTOON.)

COME, tow her into port—her day is done;
 Aye, tow her in, she cumbereth the sea.
 She mocks the glory of yon blazing sun,—
 Mocks all that God has made good, pure, and free.

Some ships have braved the battle and the breeze,
 Have lent the toast to many a brimming cup,
 Have fought a noble fight. Honour to these,
 But not to *her*. In with her, break her up!

She left these shores to do a work. She failed.
 The canker worm lay hidden in her beams.
 E'en now false colours to her masts she nails:
 Away with her, she is not what she seems.

Heed not her tale of tempest and of flood,
 Of stout, true honest hearts, of ringing cheers!
Her crested waves have been red waves of blood,
Her salt sea spray the salt of human tears!

Then tow her in, break up her rotten hull;
 Let every fragment to the flames be hurled.
 Men cry that England's justice has burned dull.
 Quick, break her up, and lighten the whole world!

QUITE REUTER.

NATURALLY enough, a little confusion seems to have arisen lately on the Continent in connection with the progress of the general election in this country. Vienna, it appears, was especially in the dark, while in some of the remoter parts of Europe the telegraphic wires played such havoc among accounts of electioneering riots, and members' names, that Englishmen, who had no other means of receiving any communication from home, must have been in no little anxiety as to what was really going on. For instance, the following might have been confusing, if not even alarming:—

London, 24th Nov., 4 p.m.

Great fight expected in the *Liverre-pool* this afternoon. Sir Gladstone at the head of 6,772 Liberals has read the *riot-act* to the dragoons. The *Lor-maire* called out. The Marquis Benjamin has run off with all the funds.

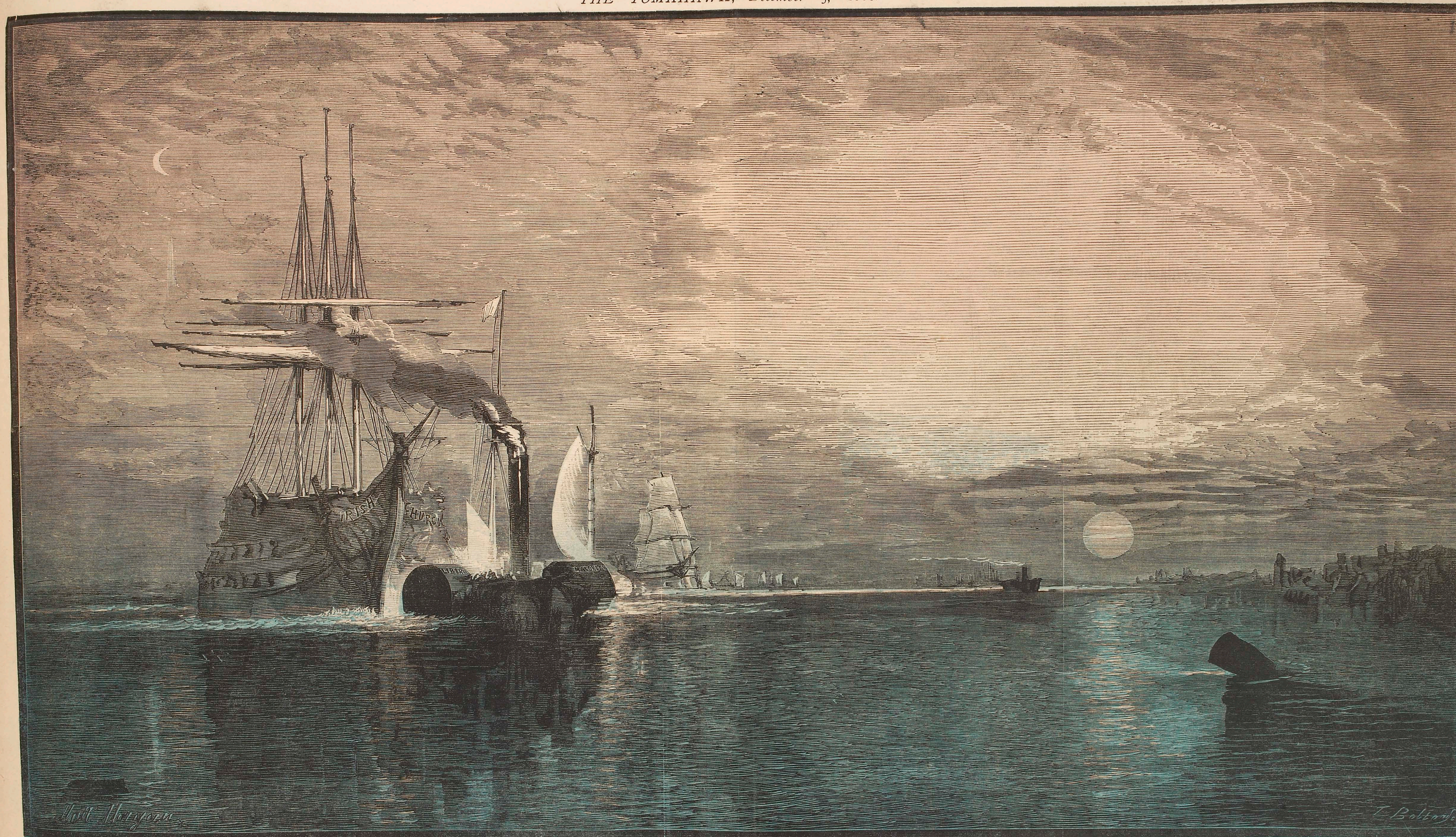
The opposition very *cross*. Much fear of fights. 5 p.m.

A dreadful fight has been. More than seven thousand of the enemies of Sir Gladstone have been jammed to the death. (*Conservés, faites "Conservatives."*) The *Lor-maire* has been seized by the mob and put on the top of a poll. 6 p.m.

The *Lor-maire* still on the top of a poll, and can not get down. Dreadful accounts of people being put on the tops of polls everywhere. Beale, Duc Cambrigge, Duc Edinborg, Smeeth, Greeneech, and all the clever members of the 'ouse on the tops too. 7 p.m.

* And a good deal more to the same effect. How on earth is it that our continental friends cannot get hold of the right end of anything English? Do we make parallel mulls about them? If so, the sooner M. Reuter is suppressed as an unnecessary and confusing luxury, the better.





BREAK HER UP!

THE BAD SHIP, "IRISH CHURCH," BEING TOWED TO HER LAST HOME AT WESTMINSTER.

Hed not her tale of tempest and of flood,
Of stout, true honest hearts, of ringing cheers!
Her crested waves have been real waves of blood,
Her salt sea spray the salt of human tears!

Some ships have braved the battle and the breeze,
Have lent the toast to many a brimming cup,
Have fought a noble fight. Honour to these,
But not to *her*. In with her, break her up!

Mr. W. 28

THE BALLAD OF THE BEATEN.

Ho ! Listen, worthy people !
Some facts while I relate,
Of the General Election
Of Eighteen Sixty-Eight.

There was a mighty hubbub,
And men throughout the land
Thought that to be declared M.P.
They only had to stand.

From study and from workshop
Came forth ambitious souls,
To canvass the electors
And carry all the polls.

A mighty Revolution
Had England seen, 'twas said ;
None should be sent to Parliament
But worked with hand or head.

None save the swart mechanic,
Or philosophic sage,
Should sit and prate and legislate
For the forthcoming age.

Exulting in the prophecy,
First came the bumptious Beales,
And neared the Tower Hamlets
With a rabble at his heels.

Straight off to maiden Chelsea
The classic Odger strode ;
And on his hack to Hackney
The martial Dickson rode.

From Avignon to Westminster
Journeyed omniscient Mill,
Whose lucky fate 'tis to be great—
His friends', to pay the bill.

Iconoclastic Bradlaugh
Down to Northampton hied,
And Chadwick sought Kilmarnock,
Chadwick, Mill's joy and pride.

Then Lushington the priggish
To Abingdon felt called ;
And Roundell, "Ho ! for Clitheroe !"
In exultation bawled.

To Warwick hurried Cremer,
And claimed it for his own,
While Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Spouted in Marylebone.

England can boast two Joneses ;
To Manchester one sped :
This Ernest ; t'other, Mason,
To Boston turned his head.

Pert Brodrick down to Woodstock
Strutted with doughty air ;
And Hartwell, Probyn, Howell,
Marched off—the Lord knows where.

And *Daily News*, *Spectator*,
And *Star*, and many more,
Promised us such a Commons
As ne'er was seen before.

Philosophers and workmen
Should put down Peers and grouse,
And landlords be abolished
By an enlightened House.

Oh ! men grew sick with waiting
For coming of the day
When the New should burst upon us,
And the Old should pass away.

Alas ! for the *Spectator* !
Alas ! for *Daily News* !
Alas for *Star* ! and those that are
Of philosophic views !

When came the day of polling,
Dread Bradlaugh came to naught,
And Hartwell for three hundred
Guineas had off been bought.

In vain the House of Blenheim
Had the pert Brodrick cursed ;
He on the poll was second,
Whilst Barnett was the first.

Beales, in the Tower Hamlets,
Was miserably spilt ;
And Dickson's sword at Hackney
Was shattered at the hilt.

And back to calm Avignon
Had Despot Mill to go ;
And Roundell got his *congé*
At little Clitheroe.

Warwick rejected Cremer,
Chadwick was overthrown ;
And Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Was flung in Marylebone.

And Jones, yclept the Ernest,
And Mason, honoured shade !
And Lushington, and Odger,
All in the dust were laid.

Then rose from the defeated
A clamour loud and deep ;
Virtue, they said, had gone to bed,
And Honesty to sleep.

But answered them the victors,
"You have yourselves to blame ;
Do what you will by Act or Bill,
England remains the same ;

"And men of sense and gentlemen
Instinctively will choose
O'er uninstructed demagogues
Or academic views ;

"And though we may be fallen
On somewhat ticklish days,
She doth command her sons to stand
Firm on the olden ways."

FROZEN-OUT CANDIDATES.

THE "hard cases" during the recent general election have been more than usually numerous. It is impossible not to sympathise with the many gentlemen in Othello's unfortunate predicament, without whose familiar presence the House of Commons must for many years wear an aspect of desolation. The public are already asking what these unfortunates, with their occupation gone, will do with themselves. In most instances it is impossible even to surmise, but we are glad to be able in the cases of the below-mentioned unsuccessful candidates, to put the public in possession of their present proceedings and the courses they have severally determined to adopt.

MR. J. S. MILL is engaged in writing a work on the Rights and Wrongs of Women, which he intends to dedicate to his future constituents, the Ladies of Westminster.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE is seeking an engagement at Covent

Garden to appear in the forthcoming Christmas Pantomime; or, in his character of the Champion Comic, is open to an engagement at a Music Hall.

MR. BEALES is organising a series of Hyde Park indignation meetings for every alternate Sunday in 1869, and has bound himself under penalty of being bonneted by his hundred thousand constituents to provide a bran new grievance for each demonstration. He thinks that Londoners will find that they have made a mistake in not sending him into the House of Commons.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL is regretting that he was induced to put his faith in Chelsea, but is consoling himself with the reflection that he is as valuable a public servant out of the House as in it.

SIR ROBERT CARDEN has resumed his wonted occupation of hounding orange-girls into the police-cells.

MR. REARDEN is back in Piccadilly and is attending to his business. He is highly indignant at the ingratitude of his late constituents, and is very much inclined to cut Mr. Gladstone. He intends to belong to the Carlton Club as a preliminary step to his conversion to Toryism, and has written to Mr. Disraeli to ask him to put him up.

A rumour has reached us that Messrs. ROEBUCK and HORS-MAN have retired to Colney Hatch for the winter, but we are unable to vouch for its authenticity.

MEETING A WANT!

It has occurred to us that, at a moment when all men are taking breath in a lull of the excitement consequent on a general election, and the Liberal majority has become the after-dinner question of the day, a few ready-made jokes might be useful, for the double purpose of adding spice to a rather dreary topic of conversation and softening those asperities and differences which too often are the result of excited political feelings. As we presume, moreover, that we count among our readers many wits who have a sparkling reputation to maintain, we have much pleasure in supplying them with the subjoined fund of mirth which, we assure them, they can dip into without any hesitation whatever. Every single *mot* has been carefully thought out by some local Sheridan, and specially imported by us from heaps of that stinging and elegant satire, to which a general election not unusually gives rise. If, therefore, it can not exactly be launched *sans reproche*, it, we again assure them, may be confidently tried *sans peur*. As a guide to anyone about to make a selection we have appended our opinion of its merits to each.

LOCAL AND PARTICULAR JOKES.

(1.) What did the Tower Hamlets say to Mr. Beales and his successful opponent? (*Excellent.*) (1.) You don't get in Beales, but Sam you do. (*Sam-u-da!*)

(2.) Why did Russell fail for Chelsea? (*Old.*) (2.) Because he would have his Freaks!!

(3.) Why has South-West Lancashire something of the cur about it? (*Elegant.*) (3.) Because it prefers a Cross to a thorough-bred!

(4.) Why is Bath to be pitied? (*Local and bad.*) (4.) Because one of its new members is tight, and one of its old ones could not save his bacon. (*Tite and Hogg!*)

(5.) Why would not Westminster have Mill? (*A sound good old joke.*) (5.) Because it did not want a member who could not raise the wind himself, but might turn at any moment when it happened to blow!!

(6.) How was it the Liberals lost one seat for Mid-Surrey? (*Bold.*) (6.) Through mere pique (Peek)!!!!!!

(7.) Why is Cambridgeshire a good judge of wine? (*Vague.*) (7.) Because it knows the proper Brand when it sees it!

(8.) Why is South Norfolk the best represented constituency in England? (*Not original, and decidedly bad.*)

(9.) Why is Liverpool the most dismal borough in the world. (*Out and out the worst of the lot.*)

(10.) Why ought South Durham, Chester, and South Notts to go in for gardening? (*Misty.*)

(8.) Because it returns a whole house (Howes)!!!!

(9.) Because the Liberal member is half nothing but bone, whom the Conservatives have buried in graves, and heaped no end of sand on. (Graves, C; Sandon, C; Rathbone, L)!!!!!!!!!!!!

(10.) Because the first stands the peas, the second the rakes, and the third the barrow. (Pease, Raikes, Barrow)!!

GENERAL ELECTIONEERING JOKES.

(1.) What is the difference between a Member of Parliament and a borrowed umbrella? (*Old.*)

(1.) One is returned, and the other isn't!

(2.) How does a young Oxford undergraduate's plea to his creditors resemble a three-cornered constituency? (*Wants working out.*)

(2.) Both endeavour to represent a minority!

(3.) What is a strong party reading of the words "going to the poll?" (*Old again.*)

(3.) Knocking in the opposition's head!!

PHOTOGRAPHIC NUISANCES.

WE do not intend to follow the example of some of our elegant contemporaries, and puff the reigning Lais or Phryne of the day. But we wish to enter a strong protest against a custom, which has now extended to shops in the most fashionable localities, and which are much patronized by the mothers and daughters of Society, namely, the custom of exhibiting, in the most conspicuous part of the windows, portraits of the most notorious courtesans of the day amongst the Royal Family, the Bishops, the Prime Ministers, and other celebrated personages. We can readily believe that the young ladies of moral England may have some curiosity to see authentic portraits of those, whose manners, but not whose morals, they so perseveringly copy; but such a morbid curiosity is to us a sign of the gross degradation of Society. It sickens us to see the coarse, idiotic, sensual, features of these goddesses promoted from the scullery to reign over the Casino, impudently smirking and leering side by side with the pure gentle faces of those whom all Englishmen justly love and honour. Is it come to this, that we wish publicly to confess our shame? to declare to all the world that we have so degraded fame to the level of notoriety that a great philosopher, a venerable bishop, or a well-beloved princess, is but on a par with the last "lady of the ballet" who has perpetrated the most popular feat of clumsy indecency at one of our theatres, or the favourite pet of the hour, whose pockets are filled with the money and the love letters of our gay youth? Shame on all respectable tradesmen who thus turn their shops into an advertising mart for unblushing profligacy!

THE NEW PREMIER.

IT is with much pleasure that we announce that the First Minister of the Crown after the expulsion of Mr. Disraeli from office will be the Right Honourable the *Daily Telegraph*, of Fleet street. As the "coming statesman" has already filled up the places in the Cabinet, no beggarly bureau-seekers need apply for advancement. The Premier elect has also been pleased to "desire" the Queen to "open Parliament in person," as it is most advisable that Her Majesty should distinctly know the feeling of the nation. Without pretending to be in the confidence of the great creature, we believe we are right in supposing that when in power the *Daily Telegraph* will carry the following plans into execution:—

1.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to send

its Parisian correspondent to the Upper House with the title of the Marquis of Fairytales.

2.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to put a couple of learned (and advertising) "doctors" on the Civil List, and will be graciously pleased to pension off several well-known "baby-farmers."

3.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to suppress the TOMAHAWK, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*.

4.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to order all adults (of both sexes) to purchase daily a paper said to have "the largest circulation in the world," under pain of death.

THE AMATEURS!

PREFACE.

I FEEL that I have undertaken a Herculean task—I feel that I am scarcely equal to the occasion. Not only will my task be Herculean, but unpleasant. Who likes to write of the foibles of mankind? Who cares to show up their faults and expose to view their petty meannesses? Not I, assuredly, and yet I am convinced that it is my duty to give my experiences of the amateur, for, mind you, I have seen him in many characters, and never without experiencing a feeling of the most profound disgust for his stupid assumption, a sentiment of the bitterest contempt for his laughable incompetency, and a sensation of the most genuine loathing for his overweening conceit. Those who read what follows will find that I do not confine my remarks to the narrow limits of the private theatre. No, I intend invading the sanctum of the Amateur Author, looking o'er the books of the Amateur Man-of-business, peeping into the heart of the Amateur Philanthropist, and inspecting the actions of the Amateur Soldier. Amateurism is the curse of the nineteenth century; it is the essence of all that is false and contemptible. It is a pretty word for blatant folly, a nice name for invincible conceit. If my sketches give offence, I shall scarcely be sorry, for my conscience will tell me that they have been composed without malice—true to nature they shall never be personal. I make caps for the use of the world, but I wish none of my friends to try to wear them.

And here let me pause. I have given a preliminary flourish on my trumpet to excite the curiosity of TOMAHAWK'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND READERS; in the next number it shall be my care to satisfy their very natural craving for information. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, I drop my pen. I have written in *italics* between brackets to make my article look pretty—

(To be continued—the Amateur Author, next week.)

A FALSE ALARM.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—

I ran over the other day to Paris with a charming young person who was in my charge. One of my duties, the morning after our arrival, was to give her a good look at the shop windows, and I was nowise averse from doing so. You know how extremely observant girls are; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world for her to exclaim to me, almost as soon as we were on the Boulevard des Italiens, "Look at that pretty face! And is she not handsomely dressed?"

I was at once all eyes, and was rewarded with a glimpse of certainly a very striking profile. But it was only a glimpse and nothing more, for my gaze was scarcely riveted on the fascinating object before its possessor, who was examining some sketches in a print shop, turned away and walked on a-head of us.

"Oh, what a pity!" I exclaimed. "See, poor creature, she is deformed: something is the matter with her spine."

My companion burst out laughing. I need scarcely say that I was disposed to regard her conduct as outrageously heartless, and of a kind that even the levity of youth could scarce excuse. Here was a lovely woman, born to dazzle and delight, afflicted by a cruel decree with a physical defect that marred all her charms and, doubtless, embittered her life. Here was I, bleeding at every pore with warm human sympathy at sight of so sad a spectacle, and here was a giddy young monkey laughing, as if to kill herself, at both of us. I was about to remonstrate

somewhat harshly, when she found words to say, amidst her tittering,

"She is *not* deformed, and her spine is as right as yours or mine. She has got one of those things on—don't you see?"

"What things?" I asked, beginning to be enlightened a little. "Panniers, do you mean?"

You know, my dear cousin TOMAHAWK, that our common grandmother wore "panniers," for I remember our once finding them, when we were children together, and having a tremendous bit of fun with them.

"No, not panniers," said my little friend, now beginning to blush. "Panniers are worn at the side, and that ——" Here she pulled up.

"Is worn ——" And here I pulled up.

"Precisely," she said, now both laughing and blushing. "I assure you, you may spare your pity, for she is dressed in the height of fashion."

Half-an-hour's more experience assured me that what she said was quite true. Every pretentiously-attired woman we met had — "precisely," as my young friend expressed it. How otherwise am I to put it, unless I say that they had all spinal complaints? What it looked like I scarce know how to explain to you, unless I remark that it was uncommonly like laughter holding none of its sides, or a shrug of what I cannot, with physiological accuracy, call shoulders. But the thing must be seen to be appreciated; and I entertain no doubt but we shall soon see it in Piccadilly. All I can say is, that the Duke of Wellington's statue will then no longer be the most comical thing in that famous thoroughfare.

Always, my dear TOMAHAWK,

Your affectionate country cousin,

THE SCALPING-KNIFE.

A WORD WITH SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE.

"DOWN wi' Gladstone! Yes, down wi' 'im. We 'a don' wi' 'im. We 'a turned 'im out. We 'a— Dang 'im. Cross and Turner for iver!"

Like a drunken bully, who, when his side has been beaten, vents his impotent rage at kicking at the winner, to the intense delight of his defeated comrades, South-West Lancashire, amid the intense delight of all good Tories, has dismissed, has turned out as unsuited to her and hers, the statesman to whose policy and principles victory has been assured beyond the possibility of defeat. He whom England has authorised, whom Ireland has accepted, whom Scotland has demanded, as the leader to carry out the policy of justice and reconciliation, whom the United Kingdom—at last united in one common determination—has called to the front with an overwhelming shout, he is not good enough for South-West Lancashire!

Ah, well! We all know the fate of a prophet in his own county; we have heard of mob preferences before now. "Away with him, we will not have this fellow to represent us."

And the artisans who have been helped in their hard task of feeding their families by the cheapness of bread obtained by *his* wisdom; the manufacturers who have made their fortune through the freedom of trade which *he* fought for; the gentry whose articles of luxury have been brought to their doors by the commercial treaties that *he* contended for—all have united to "turn him out"—all have used the fortunes he got for them to sweep him from their land.

"Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounties feed."

But, perhaps, you Lancashire men are right after all. Yourselves so sober in your habits that you do not sit by tens of thousands sopping from Saturday midday to Sunday midnight; so virtuous that eight out of every fifteen of your children are actually born in wedlock; so pious, under your beloved Establishment, that only 13 per cent. of your population are in the workhouses or gaols; so distinguished as scholars, orators, and men of science, that your sons are enrolled in the list of European celebrities *without number*—you do right to reject the dissolute, besotted, irreligious, muddleheaded, stuttering, unknown Gladstone! There should be some relation between the represented and the representative; and there is none between you and him. No; Europe—let alone the United Kingdom—ap-

proves your choice ; and you may rest well assured that the names of the men you have chosen will be enshrined in the hearts of millions of a grateful people, when the name of William Ewart Gladstone has been forgotten—and not till then.

ELECTIONS' EVE !

A SONG OF THE FUTURE (?)

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Though November is the dullest month of any in the year,
Yet to-morrow I shall represent my country—oh ! how droll !
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother ! I'm the Queen of the Poll !

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, (I hope one won't be mine,)
But ten thousand voting virgins will be flocking to my sign,
Supported by my Coleridge—Mill, 'neath Becker's steadfast soul,
Shall I be Queen of the Poll, mother ! I, be Queen of the Poll !

The Benches soon shall welcome me, the Lobby be my haunt,
That spinster Speaker by her winks and frowns shall ne'er me daunt,
My rights are good as any, and my name is on the roll,
And I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother ! I'm the Queen of the Poll.

I have been wild and wayward, but those days are past and gone,
The Valse is fled, the Kettledrum, the Croquet on the Lawn ;
Another *Lawn*, clear-starched and white, rises before my eye,
The Speaker's risen to orders, why the Dickens shouldn't I ?

Pardon my slang, for auld *slang* syne, I'm still a woman true,
And women's tongues were never made to say what they might rue ;
But there's one thing on my mind, mother, to ask you I'd forgot,
Shall I repair to Parliament in petticoats or—not ?

Now, good night, good night, dear mother, ah ! to-morrow'll be the day
When women's rights are settled, then won't we have our say ;
And then 'midst England's patriots, my name shall I enrol,
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother ! I'm the Queen of the Poll !

AT THE ACADEMY.

NOT *the* Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which in no other country of Europe, but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in firing useless guns at useless targets, to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the national purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture, properly so called ; there is no School of Music ; there is no School of Elocution ; there is no School of Acting, in this highly civilised country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the unselfish conduct of the various professors, who have been content to receive only a per-centage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful Institution would have died of inanition.

There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or, more properly, concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and, although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and wealth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has numbered among its pupils some of our best

musicians ; and, even fettered as it is by want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming music, and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room, still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had at any rate taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Hunchback* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who wish to encourage the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE WRITERS.

THERE were once upon a time nearly two years ago, six very clever writers and one very clever artist, and they met together and said to one another,

"We are all very, *very* clever, why should we not produce a very clever paper ? Why should we not write and draw something quite, *quite* new ? Why shouldn't we make the articles witty and scholarly, why shouldn't we think out the cartoons until they become masterpieces of satire and fine drawing ?"

And the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist said with one voice, "Why shouldn't we ?"

And it was agreed that such a paper should be started, and one of the six very clever writers, (but one who was not so clever as the other five,) the Editor, suggested that it should be called the TOMAHAWK. His suggestion was adopted by acclamation. And from that time to this the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist have held together, through good and evil repute, writing and drawing for the very clever paper like a band of brothers—like an army of warriors. Naturally, what with the very clever writers and the very clever artist, the very clever paper has been a very great success.

A fact which says much for the common sense of the British public.

Unhappily, in this wicked world of ours, there are many stupid people, and among these stupid people may be found several silly scribblers, and these silly scribblers thought that they could write and draw as well as the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist. And they brought out a great many papers, and those papers were one and all—DEAD FAILURES !

And the names of these dead failures were *Banter*, *The Censor*, (*much* better than the others and edited by a clever man), *Toby*, and

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.—Vow.

CORRECT answers by Samuel E. Thomas and Annie E. T., Anti-Teapot, Harry Rutley, Curly Greens, Jack Solved It, Lizzie a Lettle Out of Sorts, Kate A. Thomas, Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, Ruby's Ghost, Nobody's Child, Romping Jack, A City Clerk, Frank Walker (Pimlico), Robert le Diable, Chalker, A Single Young Man, Lucy Dermont, Rolla, Dick Turpin, Richard Staynes (Gloucester), Michael Angelo, Miss S. Barnes, Ginger Bill, Charles Sinclair, The Young Husband, Double Quick, A Young Englishman, and Aldiborontiphoscorp'ornio.

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, True Blue, and The Wendover Wonder.